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MONDAY, JANUARY 14, 1918.

Says Mayor Hylan, of N. Y.

FIRST CLASS—Have Money and Coal.
SECOND CLASS—Have Money, Lack Coal.
THIRD CLASS—Have Neither Coal Nor Money.
"I Am Worrying About the Third Class."

That is what the new mayor of New York city said to the editor of this newspaper when asked to define his attitude on the coal question:

"I am using the police force, the carts owned by the citizens that usually collect ashes and garbage, to relieve the wants of the very poor—the third class.

"I want to be the right kind of mayor for every one of the three coal classes. But the first class, with plenty of money and plenty of coal, do not need help.

"The second class, with plenty of money and no coal, can fasten an electric heater to their electric wires or can go to Florida or California.

"The poor with no coal and little or no money are those that need immediate help and the city government is trying to give it to them."

In that brief statement as to the coal situation there is explanation and ample justification of John F. Hylan's election as mayor of New York city.

New York has had many administrations deeply interested in the FEW that have plenty of money, plenty of coal, and plenty of everything.

It will be a pleasant change to have for mayor a man equally interested in those that have little of anything.

It is really not difficult to be a good mayor, a good, faithful servant. But apparently it is difficult for the ordinary human being made conceited by power and office to remember that the people give him what he has.

Those that live in voteless Washington, where nobody seems to care much about the man with no coal and a small salary, will realize what the vote means when they see the mayor of New York city using ash carts and garbage carts for distributing coal to the very poor.

They will know what the power of the vote means when they see Mayor Hylan seizing hordes of coal—ten thousand tons in one closed-up factory, using this coal for the people.

They will know what the vote means when they see the mayor using the fire department to break up the ice on the river to let the coal barges through.

In New York they had an administration that paid little attention to the needs of the little man. The vote threw out that administration and put in Hylan.

Poor voteless Washington takes what it can GET and endures what it must endure, including lack of coal.

People of Washington, ask, demand, protest until you get the vote—many good things go with it. The WOMEN of the country are getting the vote, by working and fighting for it. Can't the MEN of Washington do as much?

A Poem to Comfort Old Men

They Need It In This Nation That Burns Up Human Beings Quickly and Throws the Old On a Human Ash Heap.

Gray hairs were once honored, as meaning wisdom.

Nobody need envy the man with gray hair today—unless he was fortunate, wise or selfish enough to store up money when his hair was still black, brown or yellow.

The world does not want the old man. Railroads or other employers do not want him.

They take him now to a limited extent because we are at war and the young are going.

But the old man is not wanted.

Nearly all the very ancient peoples used to put the old out of their misery to get rid of them. Some savage tribes, up in the Arctic regions for instance, still do it.

That is brutal, but kinder than the method of our "civilization," which allows the old to die slowly, feeling that they are not wanted, reading the advertisements for "young, energetic men," realizing that neither Government power nor private intelligence makes any effort to use the old and pay them fairly.

The greatest waste in the world is the deliberate loss of power, experience, conscientiousness, and moral character possessed by the old far more than by the young.

When you deal with a gray-haired man you know that you are dealing with something permanent.

What he can do TODAY he can and will do tomorrow.

You may trust an old man or woman, when you cannot as well trust one younger.

Work of all kinds might be so arranged that the older human beings would do it together not on the present arrangement in which the young, working at high speed, force the old to desperate, destructive effort.

Some of the old may find a moment's comfort in six verses which we quote here from a poem written by S. C. Dunham, entitled "The Great White Way."

It is the white way that leads from this life of darkness and trouble to the life—whatever it may be—that awaits us on the far side of a funeral service.

Mr. Dunham allows us to reprint the following verses of his copyrighted poem. Death is talking and addressing the old man.

"The bitter buffetings of Life
Have made your heart grow cold;
You feel you've lost your usefulness
Because you're growing old.
I bring a message that will make
Your heart grow warm and bold.

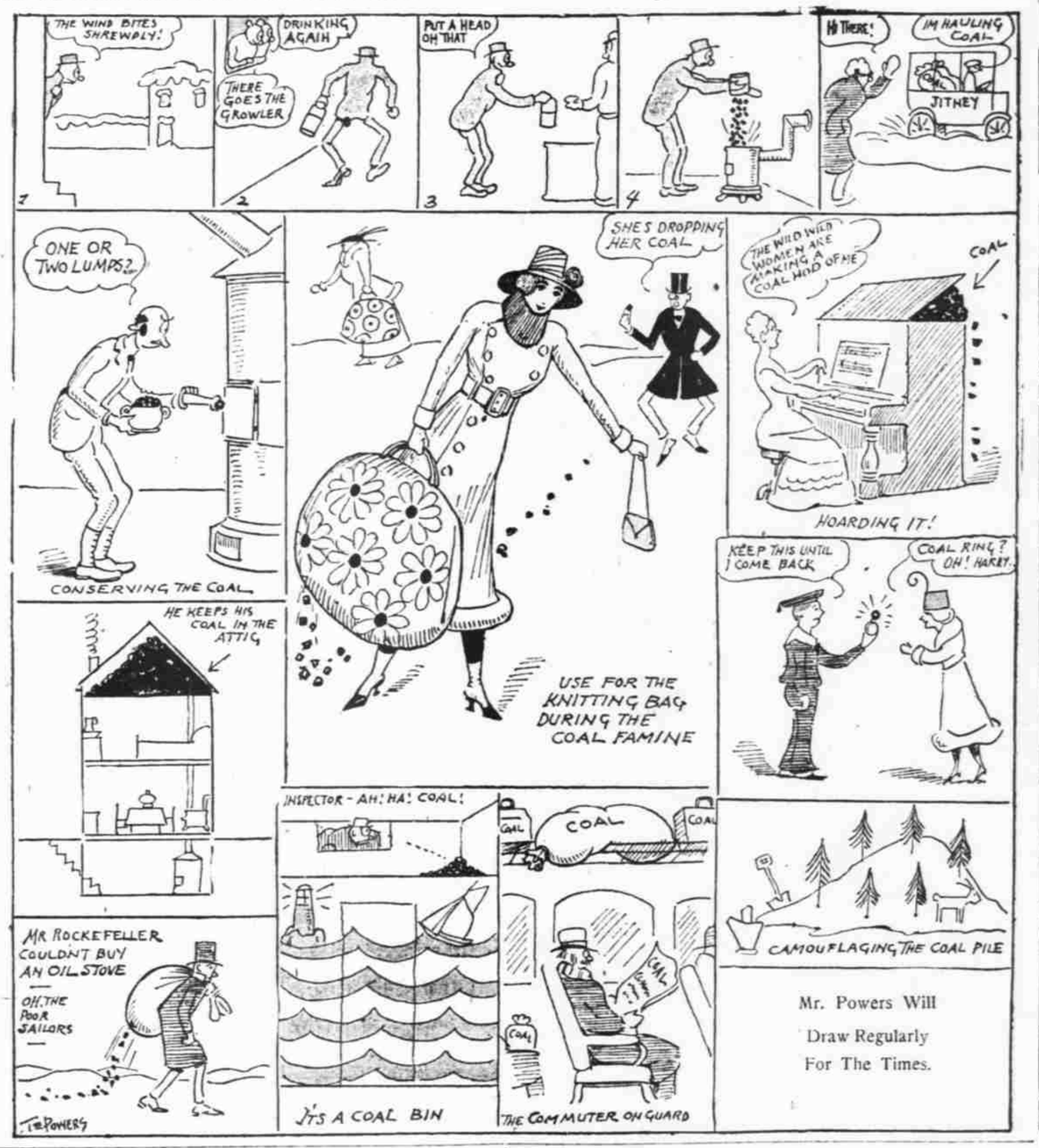
* * * *

"The world has need of its old men,
Who've borne the stress and strain
And struggled through Life's turbid slough
Of sorrow, want and pain—
Old men whose great, unconquered souls
Their love for men retain.

(Continued in Last Column.)

THE COLD COAL BARONS ARE MAKING A WILD MAN OF ME

By T. E. Powers



Mr. Powers Will Draw Regularly For The Times.

Support John L. Weaver

He Is the Only Man Who Can Help Us Get Coal and With All of Us Behind Him He Will Do It.

By EARL GODWIN.

John L. Weaver, Fuel Administrator for the District of Columbia, cannot administer coal unless the Federal Fuel Administration allows coal to be shipped to Washington.

This city is the main war shop. If the Federal Fuel Administration will maintain that view of the situation we will have enough coal.

Furthermore, after the coal reaches here, if John L. Weaver is permitted to distribute the fuel on the basis of actual needs and not on the basis of favored customers, we will ALL get a square deal. John L. Weaver is a square man.

Various witnesses before the Senate committee have given their individual views on why the National Capital fell into a panic for lack of coal. Some of them seemed skilled in evading the facts; most of them "passed the buck." Some who could not think of anything else blamed it all on the public.

Before the hearing had been called the reasons for the inquiry were developing rapidly, like germs in a ferment. For months the public was bamboozled by statements which seemed as full of wisdom as the Book of Proverbs, but actually as empty as a tinkling cymbal. Also the public was entertained by a long series of conflicting warnings, predictions, and forecasts. A famine was upon us one day; on the next an indignant official denied it. NOT that there was no famine. The official merely suffered from the habit of denying.

And the befuddled public was left meantime in a general state of incomprehension on any fundamental truth except that bins were empty and coal was high.

In the midst of all this the public began to freeze, and THEN the one truth which stuck out like a sore thumb was that SOME PEOPLE COULD GET COAL WHILE OTHERS COULD NOT. Some dealers had a lot of it; others had none. John L. Weaver, the only official the public knew, was assailed from all sides.

After he had borne it for several days he read the riot act to coal dealers and outlined to the public his coal rationing scheme. More important than this, he seems to have succeeded in getting from the Federal Fuel Administration a definite promise to ship to Washington the amount of fuel the city needs. That essential seems to have been overlooked by the Federal fuel people in their zealous rush to compile a lot of statistics.

So a review shows:

1. That officials who trained all summer issuing statements now wish they had been shoveling coal.

2. That MUCH of Washington's trouble is at the door of the Federal Fuel Administration.

3. That John L. Weaver has done a man's job under fire, and we should all support him. Remember, he is the ONLY man now helping us to get COAL. He has great power and can cut off the supply of any dealer who does not follow instructions to play fair.

And this to Mr. Weaver and his assistants: Keep your thoughts always on the actual needs of the consumer, be it power plant or washwoman, and you will not go wrong.

HEARD AND SEEN

Many people helped the children at Bruen Home to have a splendid Christmas. They would have heard from MRS. WILLIAM G. SCHAFHIRT, president of the board, before now, but Mrs. Schafhirt has been overburdened with work. So I am glad to do a wee little bit for the home by thus speaking for Mrs. Schafhirt to let you know she appreciates the Christmas help.

CORCORAN THOM: I want to vote. I am tired of being a political nonentity. I believe that Washington will be more virile and responsive to civic appeal when we have a vote here.

I dreamed that they gave Uncle Tom's Cabin at the District building. CLARENCE KING played "Little Eva," COMMISSIONER GARDINER had charge of the dogs, which were taxed ten dollars apiece and muzzled by HEALTH OFFICER WOODWARD.

Little Eva didn't have any difficulty crossing the ice, as she had plenty of practice walking on Washington pavements in the winter time.

CONRAD SYME, the corporation counsel, played SIMON LEGREE.

As he waved the Public Utilities Commission black snake whip, the POTOMAC ELECTRIC POWER COMPANY whimpered:

"You may own my body, Massa, but my soul belongs to the WASHINGTON RAILWAY AND ELECTRIC COMPANY."

Rep. J. HAMPTON MOORE'S proposal to relieve the coal situation by complete utilization of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal must not be taken too seriously by anthracite coal users. Nothing but soft coal comes from Cumberland, and 500 canal boats would bring in one year more than Washington uses in a half dozen years. It's hard coal we want.

Travelers on the snowbound Western trains can almost appreciate the difficulties of the passengers on the W. R. & E. Co.

A Poem to Comfort Old Men

(Continued from First Column.)

"'Tis such as these that greatly please
The Master of the Plan,
And in their sojourn here below,
Since first my work began,
He has decreed they may exceed
This life's allotted span.
"Still higher up I'll show you all
The mysteries of space—
A hundred million giant suns
In their eternal race
Along the speedway of the spheres
To hold their worlds in place.

* * * *

"And then you'll view the Promised Land,
Out where the Home Sun gleams
O'er verdant hills and peaceful vales
And bright celestial streams;
Where all lost things are found again—
The country of your dreams."

* * * *

Death ceased to speak; he gently smiled,
Then turned and quickly strode
Down where the far-spread city lights
Like scattered diamonds glowed.
And left me standing there alone
Beside the lonesome road.

Just what it is that Death shows to the old man, and to the child dead in the cradle or dead before its birth, no man KNOWS.

Faith tells different stories to the faithful, and they are happy in believing what they are told.

This much is certain, Divine power wherever we see it rules with JUSTICE. It is the fault of us human beings that we are unhappy, selfish, the few with too much and the many with too little.

We grow in strength bodily for the first forty years of our life.

We grow in strength, patience, and intelligence mentally for the last thirty, forty or fifty years.

We see the human race improving, this earth of ours itself improving. Each year is a better year.

We see nothing but improvement, and we are justified in believing that Death shows the old man that which is better than anything seen before.

Just at present what old age views, unless it happens to be rich old age, is not very cheerful.

Stammering Swains Rob Proposals of Poetry

By Elizabeth Jordan

Dear Miss Jordan—Why are proposals and love scenes usually so much more fascinating in fiction than they are in life?
HENRIETTA.

MANY women have asked themselves that question, Henrietta. Most of them have asked it as you have done—with poignant sadness. Let us try to find the answer.

We will begin by clearing the situation of the wholly personal element. We will remember that we are discussing love scenes in the abstract, as well as in their relation to individuals. For, of course, we know that the stammering proposal of any man in the ears of the woman who loves him carries a thrill that no scene in fiction or on the stage could give that particular woman.

But the point you are making—and it is well taken, Henrietta—is this: John could make that moment a much more wonderful moment for the girl and for himself if he did not stutter and stammer and hesitate when he proposed to her.

Even as she listens to him, even in the moment of her satisfaction in having brought him to the point—for his preliminary agonies have been a strain to her as well as to him—she feels a vague disappointment.

All her life she has witnessed love scenes on the stage. All her life she has read love scenes in books and magazines. All her life, consciously or unconsciously, she has dreamed of the swift, intense wooing that should one day come to her—when the right man appeared.

Dream Crashes.

Yet when he does appear this is about what she hears:

"I—there's—I—well, I—I—want to say——"

And half the time he doesn't really say it.

Did you speak, Henrietta? Oh, yes; you are quite right. One reason may be that the girl does not give him a chance. She accepts him before the words are out. But, no, Henrietta. No! I really can't agree with you there. That is not because she is afraid he will get away. It is because she is nervous and sympathetic.

Later, when she speaks of the experience, it is with a sad, forgiving smile.

"John was scared to death," she admits. To her dying day, if she is an average woman, she thinks with a certain regret of the beautiful love scene she might have had if John had known his lines in the eternal dialogue.

At this point, Henrietta, several thousand readers rise hurriedly to tell you and me that we are all wrong. They point out to us that sincerity is the vital element in lovemaking and that John's embarrassment proves him sincere.

For the sake of argument we will admit that they may be right. Then we will remind them that a scene may be sincere and also beautiful. There is no reason why it must be awkward and clumsy to be sincere. Nor are awkwardness and clumsiness in themselves proofs of sincerity.

The truth is that there is a basic difference in the mental attitude of men and women toward proposals of marriage. The man wants the affair over and settled. He is nervous, anxious, ill at ease. However sure he may be of the girl up to the critical moment some of his assurance deserts him then. The form of his proposal worries him very little. All he wants is to get it out.

Women Love Love-Making.

The girl, on the other hand loves the sentimental side of love as much as she loves the man. Subconsciously, she is looking for all the fitting accessories—moonlight, starlight, music, and the rest.

Most of all, she looks for something moving and dramatic in her lover's speech and manner. When, after several false starts, he asks with assumed lightness, "Think we could hit it off, Matilda?" she experiences a shock of disillusionment.

You see, Henrietta, American men are not a sentimental race. No doubt we should be glad of that. Our men have so many fine qualities that we resent their lack of sentiment only in situations where sentiment is vitally needed.

One could safely say, I think, that fifty per cent of the marriage proposals of our men to our women are offered with an abashed and deprecating grin. It is a very nice grin. It is boyish and shy and eloquent in its way. But—there's no doubt about it—it doesn't quite fit into the big moment.

Disillusion Only Spurs Sincere One On

By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow

THERE seems to be an odd rotation of mental states.

Perhaps some learned psychologist may be able to explain it; but not being a learned psychologist, I confess my inability to do so. One week the majority of my correspondents utterly unknown to each other will write me about their domestic perplexities; the next about their moral or mental problems. And it isn't a local thought wave by any means. It extends from coast to coast. The postmarks on the letters vary from Maine to California.

This week the greater number of letters have treated of disappointment and disillusion in all the affairs of life, and most of them have been written by young men and girls from eighteen to twenty-two or twenty-three years of age.

I read their letters over again before beginning this article, just to get impressions that would help me in answering them; and it seemed for a moment as if clouds were all about me, black clouds. For the tragedies of youth, viewed so lightly by most people who have left their twenties behind them, are very real and very poignant. And extreme youth, having no experience to go on, exaggerates its sorrows and minimizes its joys.

An Old Saw.

But there is a good old adage which you all know, "Every cloud has a silver lining." Only the bother of it is that we are usually too much engrossed with the cloud to pause and admire its lining. We all know just what the cloud of worry and defeat and disappointment looks like—a black, ugly, murky thing—yet the lining is much more worth considering. It is a radiant iridescence, the silver overlaying wonderful tones of blue and rose and emerald. And the stimulating and delightful part of it is that even the blackest clouds are never without this lining of light.

A boy has written me that he failed to take a prize to the winning of which he had bent all his energies for three or four years, and he finds it impossible to recover from the disappointment.

This may seem a very trivial youthful woe to most people, but it is very real to him because it has brought with it a sense of humiliation and has impaired his belief in himself. He does not realize yet that both the sense of humiliation and the loss of self-confidence are unnecessary.

Be Philosophical.

All of us overshoot the mark now and then. We can't always hit the bull's-eye, so we might as well be philosophical about it, laugh, shrug our shoulders and have another try. What this lad needs to understand is that his weakness is also his strength. The same quality in his nature that caused him to suffer so acutely over his failure is also the quality that will insure him success, and that is his power of concentration.

The only difficulty is that he does not know how to use this power yet. He threw every force of his nature into the winning of this prize, and when, for some reason which he does not give, it slipped through his fingers he could not adjust himself to the fact.

He had set his mind on that one thing, had fixed his attention so completely upon it that it was difficult to let go. He feels that having missed the one thing on which he had fastened his hopes, there is nothing for him to live for. This condition of mind is purely temporary, although he does not know that yet; but that very faculty he possesses of complete absorption in an idea is a guarantee of his ultimate success. No human being with that gift for concentration is destined for permanent failure—not by any means.

But he has to learn to harness and drive it, not to let it drive him. You are a thousand times more likely to win a thing of you don't care particularly whether you win or lose, whether you hold it or let it go. That, I admit, seems very puzzling. It is certainly paradoxical to say in one breath, "Set out to win with all the determination there is in you and you can't lose," and in the next breath remark, "If you don't care a straw whether you win or lose you stand twice the chance of winning."

I hope that this correspondent of mine will realize that if one swallow doesn't make a summer, it doesn't make a winter either; and that the young man who can keep his mind on one object can do almost anything.